

Safety II

by Jadzia

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Summary: Sequel to Safety I

Safety II

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Disclaimer: Sheesh, I'm begging and begging, but CC won't give them to me...*pout*

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Author's Notes: Well, he's still sad *eg*

Thanks again to Aries for beta.

SAFETY II

by Jadzia

Do you remember what I told you a few days ago?

About my soft spot? Keeping him safe, yadayada?

Ah well, I was in a really depressive mood. But then, I'm nearly always in a really depressive mood.

And sometimes, when it's particularly bad, my behavior becomes even more risky than usual.

Could have something to do with this little deathwish in the back of my head. Oh, delete "little".

I still mean every thing I said then, about having him safe and so on.

But sometimes, when it's really, really bad, I just have to see him. Or be near to him. Even if he isn't here, as he is now.

I'm in his apartment, once again.

Swept it for bugs, fed the fish, laid on the sofa to catch his scent.

He smells wonderful, you know.

That was when I suddenly heard noises from the door. Could have been some other burglar, this place should be called burglarcentral, anyway.

But no, it's a key, so is has to be him.

Lucky me.

Must have solved the case quicker than I gave him credit for.

I sit on the couch as he comes in, gun in hand.

"Fox, freeze." I love his name.

"Krycek, what the -"

"Shut up or you're dead." I've always been a good liar.

He doesn't say another word, but his eyes are throwing daggers.

I stand up and walk towards him. I manage to take his gun with my prosthesis. The thing is amazing, working with nerveimpulses. Much better than that Russian piece of plastic.

He looks at it, surprised.

I smile.

Laying my gun at the table, I take his cuffs out of his pocket and cuff him to the chair. I gag him with his tie.

"God, where do you get these patterns," I mutter.

More daggers.

I'd like to see those eyes sparkle with passion for me.

Desperately.

But I don't want to force him, I want him to realize it all on his own.

Good joke, Alex. Guess how long you'll wait for that.

Sometimes I want to tell him, and for him to tell me it's okay, that

he wants me too, that he believes I can change, change into something good.

Then maybe I could.

Now, not even I believe I can.

He's my only hope.

Believe me, I want to tell him, but I'm so scared of the condemnation that'll follow, so afraid of his laughter, his mock pity, that I don't.

Every time I'm tempted to confess, I see the daggers and I know he will destroy me.

So easily.

Without even knowing how he did it.

You don't need your gun, Mulder, you just need your eyes.

I'd bet you'd give your life to know how to do that to me, and yet it's so easy. And I don't know if I'm already so sick of life to let you know.

So I just sit there on the coffeetable and look at you for a little bit longer. See your eyes questioning me. Wondering what this is all about.

You're beautiful, Fox.

It's a shame I had to gag you, to hide that unbelievable mouth, but I don't want you yelling at me right now.

Now, as it appears clearer and clearer in my mind that I probably won't be able to come back.

Now, that I'm sitting here, just looking into these eyes of yours, seeing the hate fade and being replaced by a curiosity that's so utterly you I want to start laughing.

Or crying.

Shit.

I have to go.

So I tell you I'll give you the key, so you can free yourself after some fumbling. I do it, careful not to touch your hands.

Looking down at you, I try to decide whether to do it again. But I know I can't.

It haunted me for so long, and I'm in a much worse state now.

So I just look into your eyes, still not clouded with hate, and try to remind myself not to drown.

I brush your cheek with my fingers.

Soft.

Burning.

Crying again.

I turn and go.

And suddenly I realize you haven't tried to escape, your hand just holding the key, not moving.

I smile a little.

***** THE END ***** by Jadzia, 25.12.98

End
file.